

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
THE
JAN 6 1917



WARNING TO EVIL DOERS

Overland

Touring Sedan
(Springfield Type)

Big Four
\$1450
f.o.b. Toledo

Light Six
\$1585
f.o.b. Toledo



Next Summer



This Winter

Luxury Keeps Pace With The Seasons

While the winter lasts it is assuredly a great comfort to have the protection of a beautiful enclosed car.

And yet next summer, in this same car, you may avail yourself of every friendly breeze that blows.

Side windows and supports may be easily and quickly dispensed with. But at the first gust of wind and rain the windows may be quickly slipped into place.

Such perfect protection makes practical a beautiful interior finish.

The seats are upholstered in a beautiful, gray cloth and the sides and ceiling are lined with the same rich material.

A dome light softly illuminates the whole car when desired.

The floor is richly carpeted.

The comfortable front seats are divided by a generous aisle-way affording free passage between front and rear compartments.

This luxurious body is available on either the Big Four or the Light Six Chassis.

Both are especially remarkable for their easy riding qualities.

Long forty-eight inch cantilever rear springs ease the car over rough roads, absorbing the shock of rough cobblestones, cuppy macadam or deep ruts.

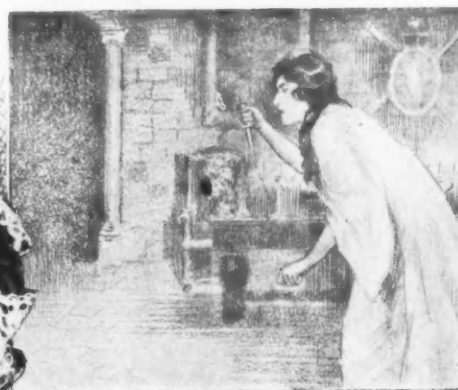
New and improved seat springs also contribute to your ease—each spiral spring is separately

encased and thus air-cushioned and checked against rebound. They are smaller but more numerous than is usual and you sink into your seat comfortably instead of perching on top of it. They are quality cars throughout—exceptional values because they share in the economies made possible by our production and sale in large quantities of a complete line of automobiles.

See the Overlands first.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio
Manufacturers of Overland and Willys-Knight Automobiles
"Made in U. S. A."

COLUMBIA RECORDS



FROM PHOTO © HICKIN

BARRIENTOS

THE new-found treasure-voice of the Metropolitan Opera—the world's greatest coloratura soprano—can now be heard on Columbia Records *exclusively*.

All the exquisite art of Barrientos is reflected in her first Columbia recordings of "Silence O'er All" and the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," and the "Valse" from Gounod's "Mireille."

Columbia Records are living reflections of the art of the greatest singers of opera. They have the voice, the interpretation, the *personality* of such world-famed artists as Lazaro, Fremstad, Sembach, Barrientos, Bonci, Gates, Macbeth.

Hear these records at your dealer's to-day and—you will have heard the artists *themselves*! "Hearing is believing!"

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month



610438



"Belgium!"

No true American can ever be neutral while the tragic cry of Belgium rings 'round the world. The next number of LIFE will try to express what every American feels about the most colossal crime in history. Outwardly and blatantly, prosperous America rings its dollars on the counter and smiles in its fancied security. But inwardly all Americans know in their hearts that Belgium's fate might easily be ours. And inwardly and in their hearts Americans also must feel a deep sense of shame that we are doing nothing. Even our own citizens have been drowned on the high sea—why should we care for the fate of Belgium?

But we do. The next number of LIFE will voice this feeling.

The Belgian Number of LIFE—Next week.

Have you seen the Miniature LIFE Number Four? If you will send us a two-cent stamp for mailing we will forward you a copy.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

69

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



TAR AND FEATHERS

See the Clubman

OH, see the Prominent Clubman!

Yes. Isn't he the attractive creature? What does he do?

He belongs to clubs.

Yes, of course. Lots of men belong to clubs. But what does he do besides belonging to clubs?

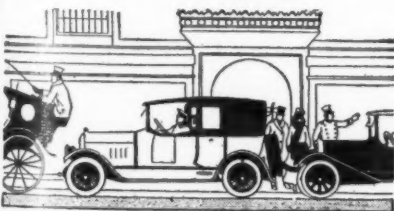
He doesn't do anything besides belonging to clubs. He belongs to so many clubs that he hardly has a minute for anything else.

But what is his business?

S-sh! He might hear you and be mortally insulted to think you should accuse him of having business. The necessary details of rendering his income available to his personal comfort are efficiently attended to by loyal underlings.

But you don't mean to say that he does nothing but merely wander from club to club!

Exactly. No club is complete without a frequent visit from him.



The BILTMORE

Where the social life of New York centers by day and evening



CLOSE
TO ALL THEATRES
AND SHOPS



Six-60

\$1575

7 passenger
touring.
125 inch
wheelbase.
4 1/2 inch tires.

Six-40

120 inch
wheelbase.
4 inch tires.
7 passenger
Touring or
4 passenger
Roadster
\$1275.
F. O. B. Jackson

A Finished Automobile

Our belief in the discernment of the readers of Life, expressed last month, is one reason why we so confidently place the Marion-Handley before you.

This quality of discernment, which we believe is inherent in every reader of a high class periodical, must naturally lead you to see the extraordinary care which has been exercised in the manufacture of Marion-Handley cars.

When we speak of finish, we usually refer to exteriors, and the purpose of this advertisement is to tell you that the body of each Marion-Handley car is hand painted with twenty coats of best quality paint, topped with a splendid varnish. We know no car, regardless of price, which has a superior finish.

But you will discover that outward finish is not all. The Marion-Handley is finished throughout, in minute detail, as carefully and as smoothly as the body. Therefore, the petty annoyances which often mar the pleasure of motoring are pleasingly missing.

Any Marion-Handley representative will take unusual pride and pleasure in demonstrating the Marion-Handley to any reader of Life.

THE MUTUAL MOTORS CO., JACKSON, MICH.
SPECIAL MARION-HANDLEY DISTRIBUTING DEPOTS GIVEN BELOW
If none is near you, write for catalog and local dealer's address

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Waco, Tex.—Ward-Phillips Motor Co.

How queer, this idea of a Prominent Clubman!

Yes. Very queer indeed.

Ellis O. Jones.

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,
because he was a careless cuss, and
very often failed to get her a copy of
LIFE, owing to the fact that he had
neglected to order it in advance from
his newsdealer.

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

imparts in a clear, wholesome
way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume,
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\$2.00 postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
PURITAN PUB. CO., 797 PERRY BLDG., PHILA., PA.

Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT



Getting Away at the Gong

Westinghouse Equipment is Relied Upon Where Seconds Saved in the Start May Mean Lives and Property Saved in the End

Clang! Clang! What a portent of destruction is the alarm of fire.

Doors fly open, firemen leap to their places aboard the apparatus, there is a whirr, then a throb of engines and away they go.

If ever a quick, sure get-away is needed, it is when the sudden summons comes to the fire fighter. Precious then is every second saved and filled with dire possibilities is every second lost.

That's why two of the largest manufacturers of automobile fire engines—the American-La France Fire Engine Co., of Elmira, N. Y., and the Seagrave Company,

of Columbus, Ohio—rely upon Westinghouse Equipment—Westinghouse Generators to do their part in keeping the storage battery fully charged and Westinghouse Motors to make sure of a quick start in any kind of weather.

The same dependability that makes Westinghouse Equipment the choice of the builders of American-La France and Seagrave fire engines has led fifty builders of pleasure-cars, trucks and other motor-driven vehicles to adopt it, though it costs more.

This is a greater number of automobile manufacturers than use any other make of electrical equipment and includes manufacturers of such cars as Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, F. I. A. T., Hupp, Stearns, Chalmers and others.

These Automobile-Builders Use Westinghouse Equipment

Allen Motor Co., Fostoria, O.
 American-La France Fire Engine Co., Elmira, N. Y.
 Anderson Motor Co., Rock Hill, S. C.
 Bartholomew Co., Peoria, Ill.
 Ben Hur Motor Co., Cleveland, O.
 Bimel Automobile Co., Sidney, O.
 Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
 Crawford Automobile Co., Hagerstown, Md.
 Cunningham, Jas., Son & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
 Daniels Motor Car Co., Reading, Pa.
 Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Ia.
 Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 Dort Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich.
 Drummond Motor Car Co., Omaha, Neb.
 Duplex Power Car Co., Charlotte, Mich.
 Enger Motor Car Co., Cincinnati, O.
 Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich.
 F. I. A. T., Foughkeepsie, N. Y.
 Gerlinger Motor Car Co., Tacoma, Wash.
 Gramm-Berstein Co., Lima, O.
 Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, O.
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 Hupp Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
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 Kline Car Corp., Richmond, Va.
 Lexington-Howard Co., Connersville, Ind.
 Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.
 McFarlan Motor Co., Connersville, Ind.
 Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
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 Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.
 United States Carriage Co., Columbus, O.
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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
 Automobile Equipment Department
 Shadyside Works Pittsburgh, Pa.



Are We Ossified?

TO one of the fabricators of LIFE there came on December 12th the following letter:

I wonder what would shake you up. Nothing but a few tiles from a falling building, I guess.

I'd like to see the inside of your mind. Do you, for instance, admire heroism in any form or is your cautious approval shadowed by a pious wish that such things may never be necessary?

You are what I call a coward; at least in talking to two old gents on Sunday I told them they were saying just the sort of things you say. "So you think that half the men in America are cowards!" says one of them. Yes, indeed I do, more than half of them—they *look* like cowards. When they talk about the administration they cower.

The thing is really the result of an extreme slow-mindedness which cannot believe in danger, or doesn't trust death; a loss of the instinct of self-preservation; like the foolishness of animals which have been protected till they have no wits left, and let you knock them over with a stick. They clutch and shudder, but don't react.

The inability of the American mind to grasp our relation to the war is, no doubt, simply a great, human, inevitable fact, due to our remoteness from Europe and to the tuppenny nature of our interests (either business or *causes*).

We all seem to be under a spell. I've always felt this in America. The war only brings it out. The American is an ossified man.

Here is a letter, timely in invective and useful, possibly, to receive. Its immediate recipient is glad to share it with all the American family.

What ails us, brethren; what ails us?

Are we ossified men?

Are we like the Pribyloff seals, among which the fur-hunters walk and knock the selected bulls on the head with a club and carry them off?

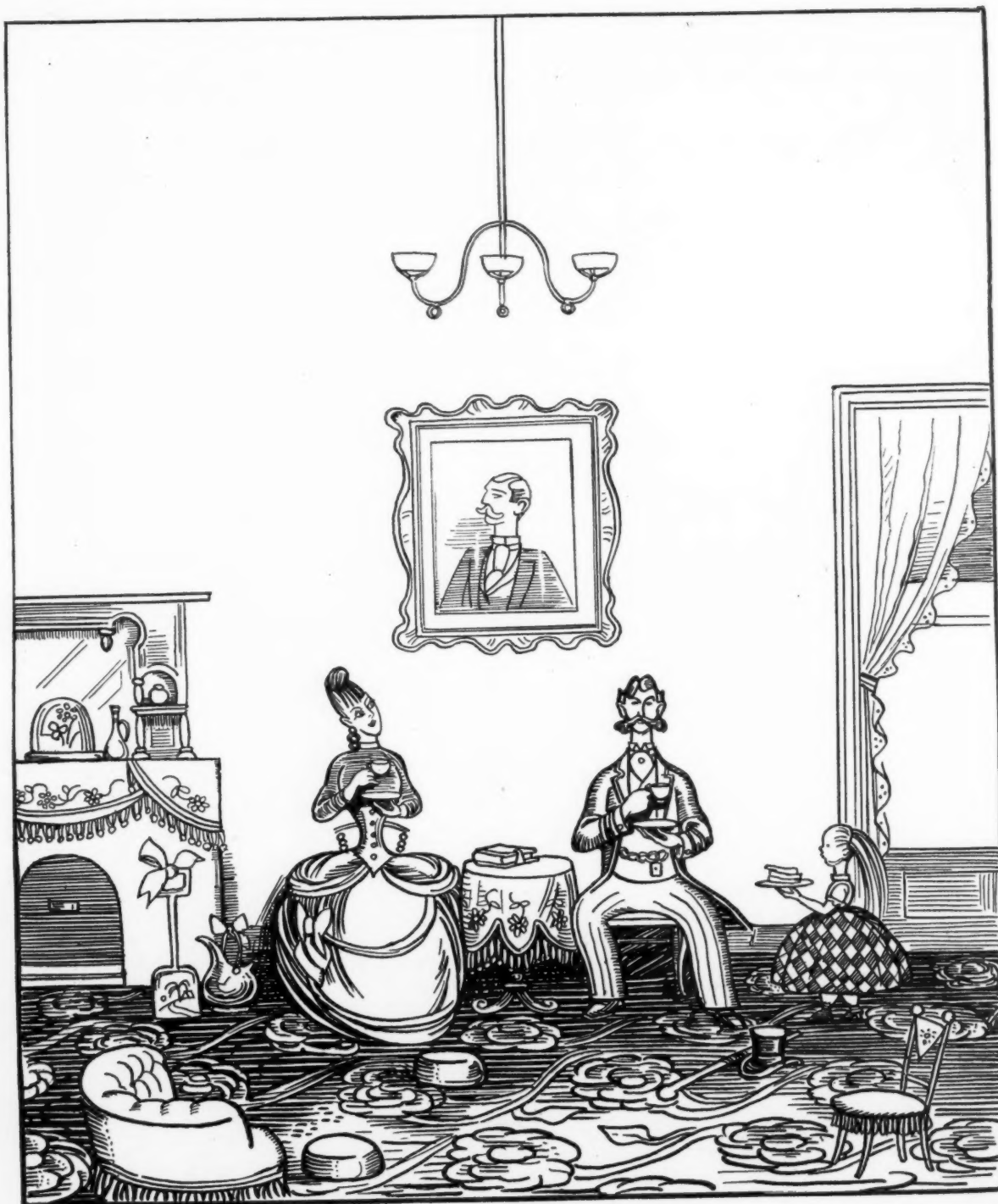
We have lived for two years and a half with the most cruel and destructive war in history, a war that by implication threatened and imperilled every nation on earth, yet we are scarcely any better fitted to protect ourselves, or help a weaker brother, or strike a blow for righteousness, than we were the day the war broke out. We have voted some money for ships that will be several years in building; we have tried out a bad plan of soldier-making and demonstrated its insufficiency, and we have had some camps in which volunteer students have had short periods of training in the duties of officers. Besides that we have manufactured some ammunition, and that is about all.

We are not all fools or uninformed. Thousands of us perfectly appreciate that we have no means to make effectual resistance to any first class power that takes a notion to attack us. Our little army would not furnish thread to sew our garment of defense. Our navy has been for nearly four years in the hands of an unsuitable man whom our President is too tender-hearted, or too proud, to displace. The ships we have cannot all be manned because men will not come forward to man them. Our army cannot be increased to the limit set by law because the necessary men will not enlist. Our militia regiments are melting away after their service on the border. Belgium put to torture shrieks to us for succor. What can we do? Germany breaks her submarine agreements with us. What can we do?

As long as the war engrosses Europe we are safe enough, though impotent except to hurt our friends; but now peace proposals have begun, and when peace comes and the armed nations have leisure again, who is going to protect us?

Are we ossified? Are we like those subjects of the Roman Empire who saw the empire crumble and the legions withdrawn, and hadn't it in them to do anything but flutter and die?







A HAPPY NEW YEAR—1917

The Diary

THIS glad New Year, whose birth
the joy bells chime,
Is but a Diary, purveyed by Time,
With many ample pages, bright and
fair—
Till Man has scrawled his blotted rec-
ord there. *Arthur Guiterman.*

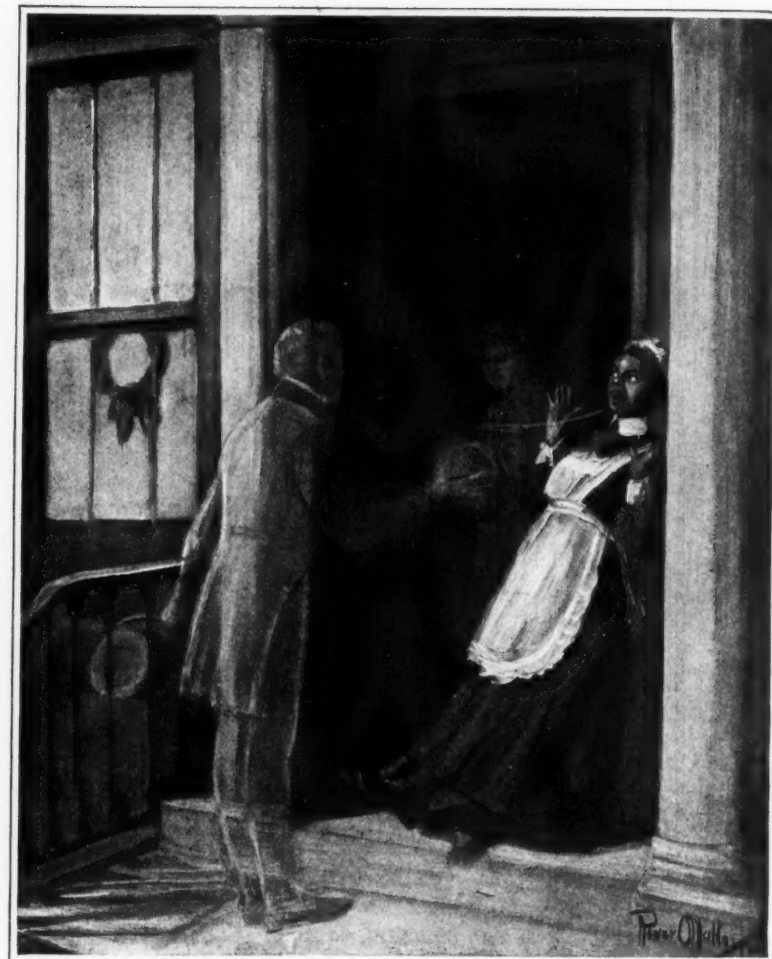
Those Who Think They Think

FOUND in increasing numbers and importance in the most exalted social strata, for the golden gates of society swing easily when the apostle of this school knocks. Once inside the gates, the newcomers are quick to aid in organizing committees for the purpose of thinking they think about the many serious problems of life. A strike of working people rouses them to instant action, and they hold meetings, form committees, take up collections, engage in picket duty—do everything, in fact, except ascertain the rights and wrongs of the case.

The literary tastes of Those Who Think They Think are serious, and they show a marked preference for authors whose names end in "ski" and whose tales reek of Siberia, black bread, vodka and misery. They rejoice also over solemn editorial broodings over things widely known.

They seldom visit the theatre, except to see some play that "handles fearlessly the great vital problem" of something that belongs to the dissecting table, but they delight in essays on the higher forms of the intellectual drama, especially when penned by the hand of dense ignorance. They call this "taking the stage seriously." A few of the rarer scholastic spirits subscribe to a society that tells them—for a consideration—what plays to see, thus enabling them to pose before their fellows as persons of unusual critical faculties. They love to attend lectures dealing with books they never read or plays they never see. On these occasions they are careful to render themselves immune from thought by checking their brains in the cloakroom along with their over-shoes and umbrellas.

But their lives are not wholly without diversion. In their gayer moods



A NEW YEAR'S CALL

they assemble as a luncheon or dining club, they call themselves "The Radical Thinkers" or "The Progressives" and invite the most commonplace men in the town to address them on subjects entirely devoid of interest.

Those Who Think They Think have no sense of humor, or they would laugh every time they saw themselves reflected in a looking-glass.

James L. Ford.

To Keep Up Political Tenses

VOTER: Forgive and give.

POLITICIAN: Get and forget.

VOTER: Regret.

POLITICIAN: Regret.

Bewildering

CRAWFORD: Your wife seems to be all tangled up in her housekeeping.

CRABSHAW: You see, she tries to follow all the so-called useful hints in the women's magazines.

Consistency

JOHNSON: Who's that vestryman who delivered the Christmas address to the Sunday-school children on peace on earth, good will to men?

THOMPSON: He's a millionaire who got rich making munitions for the belligerents.



The Master: YOU LOOK WORRIED. WHAT'S THE MATTER?
The Housekeeper: THE NURSE HAS JUST LEFT, AND THERE IS NOBODY TO WASH THE BABY.
 "HAVE THE CHAUFFEUR DO IT. THERE ISN'T AS MUCH MECHANISM ABOUT A BABY AS THERE IS ABOUT A CAR, ANYWAY."

Slums

IT having been decreed that there should be government ownership of the slums, it remained only to put in motion the proper machinery. It was deemed best to take a vote among all slum inhabitants as to whether they were unanimous in favor of becoming self-supporting. The surprising verdict was rendered, which, boiled down, was about as follows:

We resent any interference with our wrongs. We may not be able to support ourselves, but the majority of us are too proud to beg, and we want to be left alone.

This course did not appear to have given the slums credit for enough human nature, so it was abandoned and a campaign of slum education agreed upon. It was decided to make the people of the slums learn how to take care of themselves. It was discovered, however, that this could only be done by supporting them while they were learning, which, in turn, made it necessary for them to accept something. The people of the slums replied to this as follows:

We have no time to learn. It's all that we can do now to keep body and soul together. You have no right to force your theories upon us. Let us alone. Our independence is the only comfort we have, and yet you would deprive us of that.

It was then discovered that the people who lived in the slums were the same as people anywhere else, except that, having always lived in the slums, they did not know what it meant to live in any other way, and to teach them was impossible, because it involved reducing them to still further servitude. But the government, still ignorant, persisted. It said to the slums:

Let us take care of you while you are learning to take care of yourselves.

Said the slums to the government:

No, thanks. If we accepted your offer we would be your slaves. No master can afford not to take care of his slaves. Our present misery is only the measure of our freedom. Go 'way!

There the matter rested. The question as to which was the more ignorant of the two, the government or the slums, will probably never be determined.

Three Ages of Man

CLANG! Cling!

The fire-bells ring,
And down the wild, excited street
With panting breath and racing feet
The boy speeds off to see the fire.

Br-r-r-r-r! Br-r-r-r-r!

Alarm clocks whir,
And in the cold and early dawn
With muttered oath and smothered
yawn
The man gets up to build the fire.

Tick! Tock!

Slow drones the clock,
And in a reverie sedate
With dreaming eyes and nodding pate
The old man sits beside the fire.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Start a Neighborhood Club

THE neighborhood club is coming to be a distinct link in the chain of our closely knitted civilization. The ease with which it is formed, the informality of its methods, its very naturalness, make it not only inevitable, but a powerful factor in a more perfect social system. In every social structure there are three stages: First, where neighbors dwell far apart they tend to be neighborly because of the very distances. They don't live near enough to become too conscious of their faults. Second, where neighbors dwell closer together they tend to become more independent, to hold themselves more aloof from each other. Third, a state beyond this, in which a higher social consciousness is reached, and where neighborhood clubs are formed to meet the demand for the exchange of views. There is just enough machinery about a neighborhood club to hold it together. In a limited area, where the people all live near to one another, the neighbors meet in turn at the houses of the members, say once in two weeks. Papers may be read, a subject may be discussed, a guest may be invited to give his views. It is all easy and intimate and immensely serviceable in any community. If there is no neighborhood club in yours, start one and discover what benefits may be derived from it.

The Community Revival

THE announcement in the churches.

The call for money.

The committee meetings.

The building of the Tabernacle.

The debt on the building.

The rounding up of the local clergy.

The training of the choir.

The arrival of the Evangelist.

The inquiry into finances.

The jitneys' delight.

The putting up at the best hotel.

The opening night.

The crowd.

The cheap songs.

The sale of song books.

The demand for contributions.

The slangy sermon.

"Salvation is free."

The collection.

The excitement.

The alleged converts.

The after meeting.

The death-bed stories.

The sensational prayer.

The later converts.

The later collection.

The benediction.

The Evangelist's eager inquiry as to the collections.

The pious joy of the many.

The disgust of the few.

The afternoon meetings for women.

The collections.

The after-school meetings for children.

The collections.

The Sunday afternoon meetings for men.

The collections.

The big Sunday jamborees.

The collections.

The noise and the confusion.

The six weeks of it.

The weariness of everybody.

The Evangelist's departure.

The certified check.

The large bills for expenses.

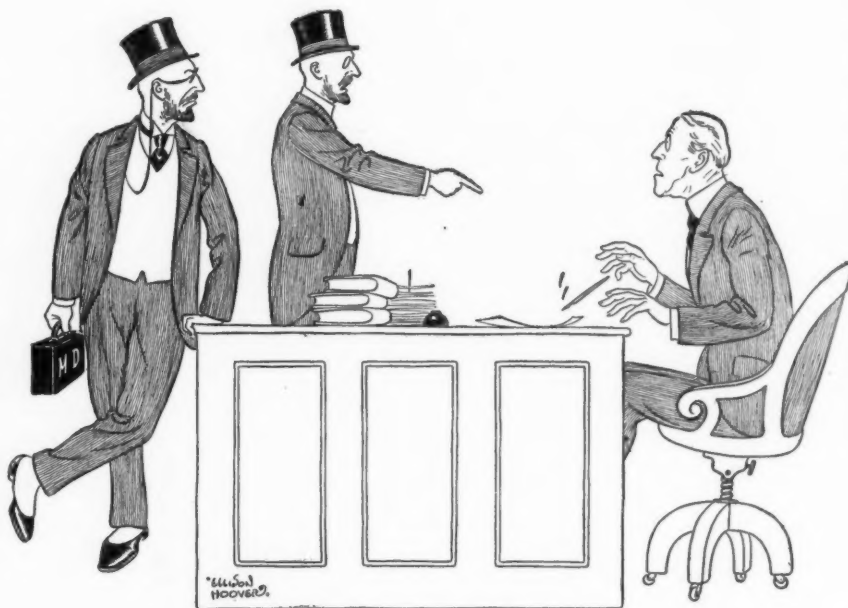
The wane of excitement.

The letter back asking for more money.

The drifting away of converts.

The realization of the utter futility of it all.

The arrangement for another revival next year.



"IN APPOINTING A HEALTH OFFICER TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE STATE, WAR, NAVY AND POST OFFICE, WE WOULD ALSO ADVISE YOU THAT WE WILL REQUIRE THE USE OF THE WHITE HOUSE AS A SERUM FACTORY."



GREAT AMERICANS

B. ORVILLE BIZZY, WHO FREQUENTLY CHANGES HIS ENTIRE COSTUME SIX OR SEVEN TIMES A DAY

Look Out of Your Window!

HOUSES are so common, people are so common, and windows are so common! How rare it is for anyone to realize how important it is to stand up and look out of a window. Have you, for example, ever looked out of every window in your house? If not, try it, and see what a new idea you will get of the universe.

Just looking out of one window is a wonderful thing to do. We do it sometimes when there is a big storm raging, and what a sensation we get! Clouds burst, the rain washes down in torrents; we think maybe the world is coming to an end. Out of the window, even in placid weather, there is always a great sight. We have a reserved seat to the greatest show now going on. About everything is happen-

ing out there that there is! Streams of universal knowledge flow in upon us through that window. All our senses become revitalized. Out of every window there is almost always a tree in sight somewhere, even in the city. Take note of that tree, with its roots deep in the soil and its branches spreading out into the air. That tree will connect you up with Mother Earth. Then there is always the sky, leading you into unknown depths of thought and feeling; and there are always people passing—world comrades! It is the greatest moving-picture show in the world.

Charm

(With an Illustration)

CHARM, says Madame Bernhardt, lies in consideration for others. Thereby one loses self-consciousness and acquires the involuntary habit of making others happy.

Yes; that's so. For example, the Colonel; one of the most charming of men and ordinarily one of the most considerate.

But Madame Sarah goes on to say that the thought of self destroys magnetism and is the grave in which charm is buried.

True, no doubt, and returning to the Colonel it must be admitted that he is less charming and less magnetic when, owing to the exigencies of politics, he is obliged now and then to think of himself.

But his charm does not stay dug in. It always emerges after election.

Learning to Talk Imperially

With God's gracious assistance and your loyal allies' endurance, we have created a situation in which our final victory is no longer doubtful.

NO; that is not William. It's the Austrian cub-Kaiser trying to talk like Cousin Bill!

In the Near Future

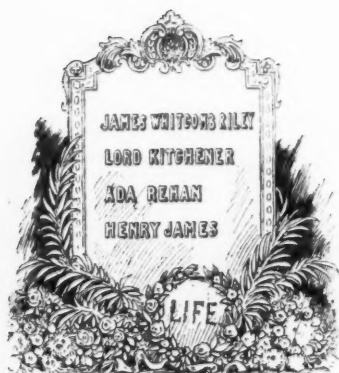
"YOU take great care not to be run over."

"Got to. I'm afraid I'll forfeit my pedestrian's license."

A Review



"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND ESCAPED WITH OUR LIES"



A TOKEN



GLORIOUS FRANCE!



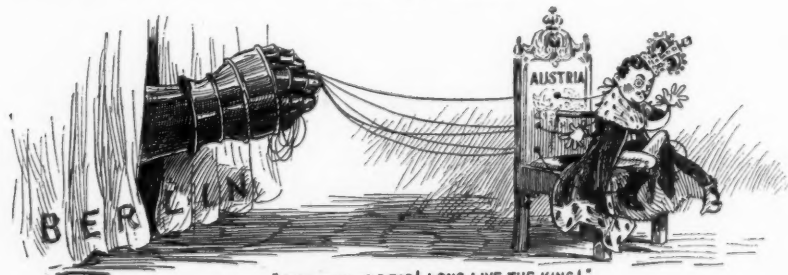
U.S. SUPREME COURT—I HOPE YOU WILL NOT DISAPPOINT ME



COME ALONG, JOSEPHUS, YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW



MONKEYING WITH THE BUZZ SAW



"THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!"

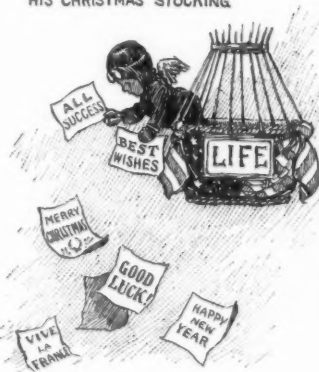
of 1916



"AN ILL-FAVoured THING, SIR, BUT MINE OWN."



HIS CHRISTMAS STOCKING



LIFE'S GREETINGS TO THE ALLIES



F.T. RICHARDS

WILHELM JEKYLL AND KAISER HYDE.

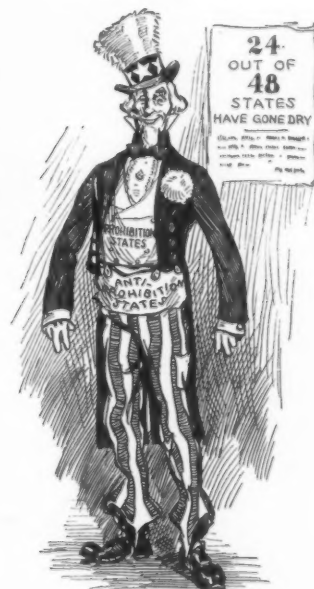


THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE MAN:



HIGH PRICES

HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL.



WILL HE HAVE A WHOLE SUIT BYE AND BYE?

Twelfth-Night Dirge

DISMANTLED lies the Christmas tree,
 Its duty done;
 Of all its baubles, Time's decree
 Preserves not one.
 The gifts of late arrayed below
 Its boughs in state—
 Those rapture-giving playthings—oh,
 We mourn their fate.
 The precious Doll's resplendent hair,
 Alack, is shorn!
 The Picture-book of pages rare
 Is rudely torn.
 Three days the battered Ball hath lain
 In cold neglect;
 The Motor Car and Railway Train
 Are wholly wrecked,
 And Noah's Ark across the tide
 No more can sail.
 The Rocking-horse hath lost his pride—
 In fact, his tail.
 Yet wherefore should we sadly cling
 To waning joys,
 When other Christmasses shall bring
 Unbroken toys?
 Then, though small hands must wreak
 their will,
 As in our day,
 Give thanks, above the wrack, that still
 God's lambs will play.

Arthur Guiterman.



"SHE LOVED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."



— Otto Cushing —

IF THEY ACTED THE WAY THEY FEEL

RUSSIAN DANCERS REHEARSING WITH GERMAN SINGERS

Belgium at the White House

"ROBERT!"

"Yes, Sire!"

"Was the Belgian Minister at your department to-day?"

"Yes, Sire! And a piteous tale he had to tell—hundreds of unoffending Belgians seized by force, torn from their families and deported to Germany to work at a fraction of the wage scale, contrary to all union rules, to international law and to Articles 43 and 52 of the Hague Convention."

"And what does he expect us to do?"

"He asks us to protest in the name of international law and of outraged humanity."

"A modest request, eh, Robert? It almost makes me wish that we had protested two years ago, when Belgium was first invaded and public opinion in this country was more Belgian than neutral. Now, when the Kaiser is merely eating the cake he stole then, a protest would only emphasize the fact that it came too late. Much water has run under the mill in two years' time. We have had, besides the Belgians, the Armenians, the Poles, the Serbs, the Syrians, and what not. Our sympathies have been overworked. I wish I myself could feel the sympathy for humanity which I felt two

years ago. But the average American, with both his sympathies and his conscience drugged by two years of war profits or war wages, is not in a mood to make a vigorous protest against anything except the high cost of living. We mustn't forget the three million suffragettes who voted for me in order to express their faith in that beautiful hymn, 'I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier.'"

"Yes, Sire! I pointed out to Mr. Havenith that you have had a busy summer on account of the election; but, still, he thinks that the enslavement of a free people should call forth a protest from the successor of Washington and Lincoln."

"Why not of Jefferson and Van Buren, I wonder! Washington's small-clothes would make a whole suit for me, and Lincoln's hat would cover up my chin. But there have been times, Robert, when I might have written a note on the Belgians; even now my fingers have an itching for the typewriter. I shudder to think what Hughes might have done had he been elected! However, Robert, you might just send a copy of the Adamson law to Wilhelmstrasse and ask Herr Zimmermann if he means to apply the eight-hour day to the Belgians. But be sure to make it purely informal—eh, Robert?—purely informal!"



"YOUR DOCTOR HAS GIVEN YOU ONLY SIX MONTHS TO LIVE! WHY, UNCLE HENRY, WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?"

"I THOUGHT I'D LAY OFF AND REST UP FOR WHAT'S COMING."



JANUARY 4, 1917.

"While there is Life there's Hope"

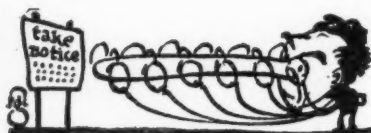
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AFTER all, our President has been lucky.

The natural fate of an intervener is to catch it from both sides, whereas Mr. Wilson, up to this time of writing, has only caught it from one side.

The Germans and their accomplices are pleased with him. They want the war to stop and seem not to care who knows it. That is the most impressive fact in the situation. The Germans can fight a good while longer—so the military sharps all tell us, and so it looks—but they don't want to. They have killed enough folks, invaded enough countries, smashed small nations enough, destroyed and defiled villages, chateaux, libraries and cathedrals enough, and impressed their peculiar racial characteristics sufficiently on all the neighbors, and now, though they have not yet finished any considerable adversary, they don't mind admitting that they are tired, not to mention hungry, and would like to quit. They are much obliged to Mr. Wilson for suggesting it is time for all the belligerents to say what they are fighting for, and they are willing, it seems, to disclose the price they would be willing to pay, or accept, for peace.

But the Allies, if they also are obliged, are all able to conceal their feelings. The British seem to feel injured by Mr. Wilson's action, the French attribute to him the kindest motives but seem not to think he has benefited them.

The neutrals, we believe, except the

Americans, approve his action. Holland and Switzerland in particular have had all the war they want. The Americans incline to divide into two groups, one which thinks that anything Mr. Wilson does is right, and the other, that it is wrong. In this case the latter group seems to have gained in size, and the former one to have shrunk.

But after all, it may be that the office to which Mr. Wilson has been dedicated by Fate is to be the lightning-rod of the belligerents. If it is ordained that their fires are to run through him into the earth, that is a destiny that Ajax would have envied him. It may be that after the Allies have heartily cursed out peace-at-this-time, they will begin to feel better about it, as folks sometimes do after they have thoroughly eased their minds.

At any rate, this is Mr. Wilson's individual enterprise. If it adds to his reputation, that will be pleasant; if it hurts his reputation, we can bear it. Reputations are no great matter in this world at this time. They swell like bubbles and burst like them. For our part we think rather better of Mr. Wilson for being willing to take chances with his.

And there were good reasons why he should make a move. The Belgian deportations afford one reason; the German submarine exploits another. The submarines have been getting out of hand again. What is our government to do about it? That is a question that must crowd Mr. Wilson very hard, and make any means that would settle it indirectly look particularly

good to him, and well worth trying. The situation is not one that leaves him a choice whether to do something or nothing. He has got to do something and the only question is—What? If he can relieve the situation by acting as a lightning-rod it may save him from very complicated efforts to discharge the duties of international policeman.

When Mr. Wilson had to meet a very difficult railroad situation and came out for the eight-hour day, he was reviled for knuckling down to the Brotherhoods.

The Brotherhoods were pleased, but it does not look now as though he had knuckled down so much.

Gentlemen, Germans and others, who think now that he has knuckled down to the Germans, may not hold to that view in the long run. First impressions of Mr. Wilson's expedients do not always hold good.



THINGS moved extremely fast in the week before Christmas. Lloyd George's Britain-is-not-dead-yet speech was hardly out of the headlines when Mr. Wilson's Notice came crowding in, and on the heels of that Mr. Lansing's back-and-fill, and the glutting of the Wall Street bears with the tender meat of such of the lambs as had managed to escape the effects of the Notice. Certainly the stock-market is a very tender plant. In a time of speculation such as has lately prevailed, a great many of its values are made of dream-stuff that blows away only too easily. It was a compliment to Mr. Wilson that the war-stocks shrunk so at the news of his Notice, and possibly Mr. Lansing should have felt complimented that "the Street" gave so much weight to his supplementary remarks. But probably he didn't. He had occasion to say next day that he had never speculated in stocks and didn't know how it was done. That is where he is a little short of desirable knowledge. Every fully grown



THE ANSWER FROM FRANCE

man, and especially every statesman, ought some time, as a matter of education, and fairly early in life, to lose a little money in Wall Street buying stocks on margin. Until he has done so he cannot realize how foolish a normally competent man can become under the spell of that sordid adventure.

However, we can't expect a Celestial Cabinet to know all the carnal tricks. And what are lambs for, anyway, but to be eaten!



COLLIERS, in its Christmas-week issue, published the answers of a number of eminent men to the question: "Is war compatible with the Christmas spirit?"

Secretary Lansing, sanguine in his hopes, saw ahead "a new era in which national hatreds and struggles for power will cease, and human energy, emancipated from selfish ambitions, will be devoted solely to the welfare of the race and the advancement of civilization."

Secretary Baker, more wary, declared his belief, in spite of fears and disappointments, that the new civilization that started nineteen centuries ago, "is producing high and increasingly beautiful results."

President Eliot blamed the churches, and was for scrapping "the rites, dogmas and creeds which have proved useless, . . . with all the ascetic, magical and mediatorial conceptions of priesthood and sainthood," but hoped the world, so sad now, would feel lots better after getting back to a sound

Unitarian basis of "reverence, aspiration, fellowship, sacred poetry and music, and the sanctification of birth, marriage and death."

A dozen other sages made answer, but the best reply of all was from Winston Churchill of New Hampshire, who by no means considered that the war had proved Christianity to be a failure. "On the contrary," he said, "it seems to me that the essential principles taught by Christ have gradually entered into the modern evolutionary form of government we call democracy, and these are being made practical." He went on to say that "Christianity, truly interpreted, stands for the enlightenment and development of the individual as against extreme and superimposed authority; for the conservation of human energy and the welfare, mental and physical, of the human being." The underlying issue in this great war, as he sees it, is that of democracy against monarchy, of self-government and internal authority against superimposed government and external authority.

Mr. Churchill has expounded the great purpose of the war that is worth fighting for. He has reconciled the struggle to attain it with Christian faith, and, incidentally, he has explained the instinctive line-up of the great majority of the Americans on the side of the Allies.

It is doubtful if the Allies will be able to furnish Mr. Wilson with the details of their purposes in the war, but it is evident, whether they say so or not, that the war is a great struggle to establish the rule of democracy in this world, as a natural and inevitable development of Christian civilization, and as the best obtainable precaution against such wars in the future. Regarded as a means to make democratic institutions seem attractive and to develop in them the strength needed to make them prevail, the war seems to be going well. An enormous work is going on in England, another in Russia, another in Germany. The cost is frightful, but the result may be worth it, not because new boundaries are laid down in some places, but because a new spirit and a new method will dominate the world.



COMPOSED BY F.T. RICHARDS.





At the End of the Recently Deceased Year



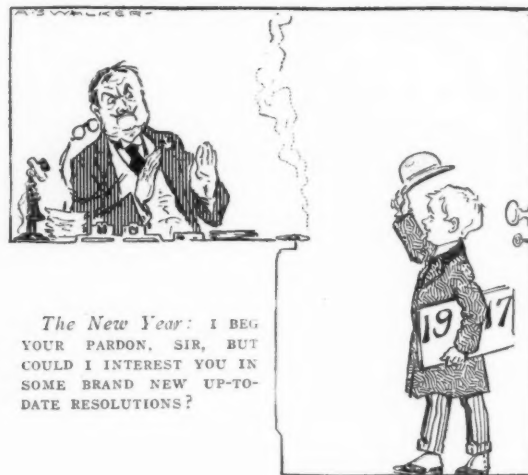
WITH their past triumphs in mind, we rather forget that the great combination of Barrie, dramatist, and Maude Adams, artist, has in some of their essays also come perilously near failing to please any considerable portion of the American public. It looks as though, so far as America is concerned, their latest venture, "A Kiss for Cinderella," lay somewhere in the middle ground between the never-to-be-forgotten "Peter Pan," "The Little Minister" and "What Every Woman Knows" and those other pieces that had the hearing the combination can always command, but which made no lasting impression.

"A Kiss for Cinderella" is the analysis of a dream, not in the Freudian sense, but more after the manner of "Alice in Wonderland." It might be more exact to say that it is a study of the composition of a dream, for we have first the realities and then the dream they induce. The play, after the manner of Barrie, is so fanciful even in its realities that it seems like breaking a butterfly to reduce it to such matter of fact terms. In "A Kiss for Cinderella" he gives us another demonstration of his delightful understanding of the child's mind, with its capacity for making real the characters of fairy fiction so delightfully exemplified in "Peter Pan." This time the effort is more involved, and only experience will show whether he has not gone rather over the heads of his youthful patrons, especially as the play is very British for American understanding, even for that of adults.

In these partnership undertakings Maude Adams and her popularity are quite as much an asset as the reputation of the author. As *Miss Thing*, the *Cinderella* of her imagination and the play, she is not called upon to give any startlingly new phases of her art. The same endearing quaintness with a touch of roguery that has marked other of her Barrie rôles is here her claim to liking, and of course it never fails her. In her case it seems sacrilege to speak of years, for she seems



JANUARY PASTIMES



The New Year: I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT COULD I INTEREST YOU IN SOME BRAND NEW UP-TO-DATE RESOLUTIONS?

to have imbibed, in her art and personally, from *Peter* the spirit of eternal youth. It pervades her present rôle, and in fun or pathos wins the liking. She has a well-chosen support with such excellent artists as Morton Selten, Norman Trevor and Robert Peyton Carter in suitable parts. The settings, of widely varying character, are each effective in its way, and the lighting is handled with unusual skill.

"A Kiss for Cinderella" is a bit mystifying in the beginning, and it calls for a considerable acquaintance with things British, qualities that may militate against its being popular with the American public. It is wholesome, it contains much to interest and amuse, and it is delightfully done.



EVERY time there is an announcement of another tremendous effort of the movie play producers LIFE gives it the benefit of the doubt and hopes to see something from which the familiar defects have been eliminated. The latest disappointment is "Joan the Woman," widely heralded as a new departure, and with Geraldine Farrar as the sainted heroine. The name of the lady may be valuable for advertising purposes, but she far from realizes anyone's ideal of the martyred maid. With the aid of her voice she might suggest the spirituality of the character; without it and with only the physical reproductions of the camera there is absolutely no such suggestion, and one wonders—outside of the power of her name—why any one of a number of soulful-eyed young women beloved of the movie public might not far better have realized the character.

In this film all the old camera tricks are retained, not forgetting the inevitable "close-ups" with the characters distorting their tremendously enlarged faces for the diversion of the spectators. To please the public a love-interest is also introduced into the career of Joan of Arc. As movie plays go, this is most elaborate. Its battle pictures are excellently handled and really thrilling. Some of the intimate scenes are very well acted indeed, and some of the photographic effects are admirable. In view of its own experiences with the sensitiveness of its Roman Catholic readers, LIFE cannot help wondering what they will think of some of these depictions of the doings of their church.



THE latest unpackings from the Bernard Shaw repertory are not calculated to add to his fame as a dramatist, although they are decorated with considerable of his wit in drives at generally accepted ideas, persons and things. The plays given during the short up-town season of Gertrude Kingston and her company were "The Inca of Perusalem," a satire directed at Wilhelm the Prussian, and "Great Catherine," reproducing antics at the court of the Russian ruler, who in some respects seems to have been a modern suffragette living in advance of her time. Although the plays were well acted it is fortunate for Mr. Shaw's American vogue that it is firmly established on other examples of his work. By contrast and on its own merits Lord Dunsany's unique "The Queen's Enemies," with its original and picturesque setting, was an agreeable relief. In spite of her cheerful way of drowning her enemies in bulk, it was easier to admire Dunsany's Egyptian queen than Mr. Shaw's Russian empress.



MR. BELASCO'S latest vehicle for Frances Starr, written by the authors of "Grumpy" and called "Little Lady in Blue," is not ambitious in any

way except in its casting, its staging and its perfection of detail. It is not a big story, and has no big scenes, but it is charming in tone and in its reproduction of the atmosphere of England's marine life in the days before sailors were principally mechanics, electricians and scientific experts in gunnery. Frances Starr is given a delightful rôle as a very ingenuous *Becky Sharp* who is really too good at heart to carry her schemes to success. It is a pleasanter part than most of those with which her name has been associated, even if not so great in acting possibilities. Mr. Belasco has surrounded her with competent artists, among whom Mr. George Giddens and Mr. A. G. Andrews stand out picturesquely and humorously as types of the sailor men on whom John Bull used to rely.

"Little Lady in Blue" may not hope for classic honors, but in its story and its pleasant staging it provides a clean and agreeable evening's entertainment.



IT is proof of Louisa M. Alcott's genius that her wholesome "Little Women" of Massachusetts in the sixties could attract interested audiences in this year of advanced feminism and culture, largely made up of the young persons whose abbreviated skirts add so much to the present-day picturesqueness of Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy" with Adele Rowland and Messrs. Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. Amusing and musical comedy, well presented.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue." See above.

Booth.—Mr. William Faversham in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." Unusually well acted satirical play, voicing wittily the author's disapproval of British institutions.

Casino.—Anna Held in "Follow Me." Brilliantly staged girl-and-music show with the star's extraordinary costumes as a main feature.

Century.—"The Century Girl." Up-to-date girl-and-music show, remarkable principally for the luxury of its housing and staging.

Cohan and Harris's.—"Captain Kidd, Jr." Sentimental and humorous comedy with rural touches, all excellently done.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players. Unique playlets, original and interesting, presented in unusual fashion.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. A not entirely wholesome, although well acted, presentation of what holds out to be like some kind of society life on Long Island.

Criterion.—Julia Arthur in "Seremonda." Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. A criminal comedy, well done and containing a lot of surprises for the audience.

Empire.—Maude Adams in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Joan the Woman" in moving-picture demonstration, with Gertrude Farrar as the star. See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. A very interesting and well acted stage guessing contest in the form of a crime melodrama.

Fulton.—"The Master," from the German of Hermann Bahr, with Mr. Arnold Daly. Sex drama setting forth old conditions with no new solution. Interesting and well done.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Laughable farcical comedy with its principal characters drawn from the near-criminal classes.

Globe.—Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Interesting play of the day, well acted and putting forth a not convincing argument in behalf of sex instruction for the young.

Harris.—"The Yellow Jacket." Charm-

ingly presented drama in the Chinese style. Picturesquely staged.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." Ice carnival with expert skaters, spectacle and ballet, all on a big and brilliant basis.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master," by the late Charles Klein. An interesting play, well acted and showing that there are modern plays that live.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." Last week of elaborate movie play with big spectacles and a mediocre plot.

Little.—"L'Enfant Prodiges," re-christened "Pierrot the Prodigal," by the late Charles French pantomime with delightful descriptive musical accompaniment.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. Very laughable farcical comedy based on the theory that there are circumstances which compel a Wall Street man to tell the truth continuously.

Lyceum.—Mr. Henry Miller in "Her Husband's Wife." Notice later.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Elaborate movie play with childish story on which are strung exquisite Jamaican scenes with Annette Kellermann as the swimming heroine.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Gamblers All." Notice later.

Park.—Revival of the excellent dramatization of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women." See above.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Coodman. A young American getting a grip on himself and coming back from the slums to decency. Virile and interesting drama.

Princess.—Repertory of clever playlets, agreeably done in the novel atmosphere of the Portmanteau Theatre.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Last fortnight of the clever and agreeable staging of Stevenson's famous pirate story.

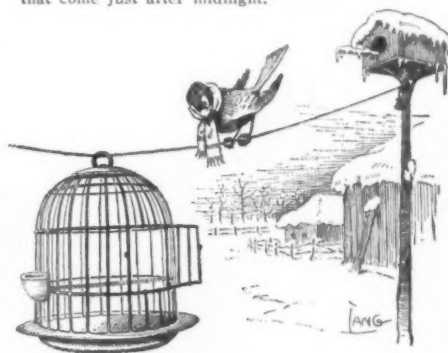
Republic.—"Good Gracious, Annabelle." Light but diverting farcical comedy with clever lines. Well done.

Shubert.—"So Long, Letty." Musical farce with Charlotte Greenwood's eccentric abilities as the leading feature.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers. Charming comedy of old age, showing that period has its amusing as well as pathetic aspects.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." Again the t. b. m. comes into his own with a better-than-usual girl-and-music show to soften the asperities of his daily life.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—No one has to see this combination of cabaret and vaudeville unless he is willing to give up the sleeping hours that come just after midnight.



"NO, THANKS! I PREFER MY OLD HOUSE—THIS ONE LOOKS TOO DRAUGHTY FOR COLD WEATHER."

Life's Contest in Criticism

\$500. Reward Offered for the Best Criticism of Life

(NOTE: The Criticism Contest is now closed. The award of the prize will be announced in the issue of January 18. We shall endeavor to print as many contributions as possible before that date)

No. 7

LIFE, *Washington, Pa.*
Friend of my boyhood,
Comrade of my youth,
And now
Companion of my years which face the
downward slope,
Fain would I tell thee of all thy faults.

Some of thy jokes are old as Father
Adam,

Or, e'en that fearsome shape,
Forerunner of our race,
Which swung by hairy paw from
branch to branch,
And gibbered as it swung;
Some are stale and flat, not many;
Some, for this we thank thee,
Draw but near to that faint line,
Where meet the pure and vile.

But all these things thou knowest; none
better.

Perfection even thou hast not attained.
Nor ever shalt. Since such is life.

Yet excellencies many thine, as,
Purity of thought,
High aim in thine own realm,
Desire, by thy keen shaft,
To pierce the evil,
Yet not leave within the wound a barb
To pain and torture.

LIFE is neither bad nor yet all good,
As life is neither bad nor good.
And yet the sum of both doth make
for good

To such as can read LIFE and life,
And take with twinkling eye and shak-
ing sides,

Or, ev'n with sober, unseen joy,
All that LIFE and life do bring.

LIFE,
Remain life.

Seek not to be another — or —
Nor one of that foul breed,
Whose fun,

Like wine of yestereve,
Leaves in the mouth a brown and
fuzzy taste.

Oh! LIFE,
Our LIFE,
Remain thyself,
Our friend.
We curse,
Reville thee;
Call thee stupid;
But,
Still read and love.

No. 8

*Red Hook,
N. Y.*

LIFE is a funny paper.

Its editor-in-chief is a paranoiac,
and the rest of the staff have paresis.

The aim of the paper is to hit every-
body—and it does.

Its moral tone is so high that an old
society campaigner can scan some of
its pages without blushing. It treats
in a flippant manner all the fundamen-
tal virtues—excepting punctuality on
pay-day.

It is especially caustic in its criticisms
of woman. This is because the editor
was frequently jilted in his younger
days and he is now trying to get hunk.

It has a regular medical department,
and the editor of this is Æsculapius
himself, or some other antediluvian
saw-bones four thousand years behind
the times; for the paper advocates nos-
trums, love potions, rabbits' feet and
highway quackery in general.

Between brain-storms, the editors
have some lucid intervals, chiefly
shown in their views on international
affairs and in their devotion to child-
welfare.

Like many other defectives, the edi-
tors have a well-developed artistic
sense; and in its art the paper is the
best of its kind in any land.

LIFE prides itself upon its broad-
mindedness, by which it means a man
should be as much a devil as a saint,
or, to be on the safe side, a little
more so.

Yes, LIFE is certainly a funny paper
—yet, somehow, Tuesday seems an es-
pecially bright day in the week!

No. 9

*Milwaukee,
Wis.*

YOU want LIFE criticised?

Well, I can do it,
In metre, witticised,
(Though you may rue it!)
You'd give your readers, LIFE,
More for their money,
By filling more of LIFE
With something funny!

A magazine *supposedly humorous*,
Should *not* be *tragically gloomerous*!
But give the folks once in a while
An opportunity to smile!

I aim to be just;
(You concede it, I trust)

But I enter a solemn protest
Against stuff melancholy;
I want something jolly,
That will cause me to *laugh till I'm
ready to bust*,

For I've *wept* till my tear-ducts are
caverns of dust,

O'er the asinine folly,
The dope melancholy,
Of LIFE's last few numbers, and
groaned in disgust!

Your political dope is unspeakably sad,
And your stories and jokes—they are
all of them bad;

They really ought to be printed in *blue*—
And yet, I must e'en give the devil his
due,

For you have *one* department I'm *not*
criticising;

You've an *excellent* line of *high-class*
advertising!

Oh, yes! I *most* forgot
(I'm glad that I did not)

While "knocking," to bestow a word
of *praise*!

That baby fund—*that's* fine!

So here's a hearty line

To say, that's decent, LIFE, you'll find
it pays

To give a fighting chance

To orphaned tots of France, and—
The thing you're doing's *too big to be
put into a phrase*!

So we won't fight!

LIFE, you're *all right*!

Advertisements You Have Never Seen



"Ah, Sarah
Must Have
Lighted The
SUCKING DOVE Gas Range.
"Buy A Little Carnage For Your Home."

Our School of Bad Manners

TO be ordinarily impolite is the privilege of every American. But while we admit freely that bad manners come naturally to most people, can it be said that we are doing all we can to give them the proper finish and direction? The following suggestions may be of service to all those who feel that their manners are not so bad as they ought to be.

We should first bear in mind that the basis of all bad manners is selfishness. If you can add to this enough thoughtlessness and ignorance, your progress will be rapid.

On the other hand, your success will only be commonplace and crude unless to these necessary fundamentals you add enough hypocrisy to make it appear that you are a gentleman. Your finest success will come when you are thus able to conceal your bad manners under an outward show of politeness. This principle, however, you should not carry too far; otherwise you may wake up some day to find yourself under the necessity of struggling to become unconsciously over-considerate. Practice daily at the following:

Never let the person with whom you are talking finish what he has to say. Always contrive, in some ingenious manner, to interrupt him at some point, and switch off on some story of your own.

If you happen to be visiting at the house of a friend, insist upon being en-

**Poultry Is Such
A Bother, But-**



**If YOU USE A
DOUBLE MINUS
NO-GO INCUBATOR,
YOU'LL NEVER BE BOTHERED
BY CHICKENS.**

tertained every moment of the time, while conveying the subtle impression that you are being bored to death.

Always browbeat those beneath you in the social scale. When you are being waited upon by some shop girl, for example, forget that she is tired out and has troubles of her own. Threaten to report her.

Above all things, make a rule to discover the weaknesses of others. Armed with this knowledge, you can, by dwelling upon them in many obscure and apparently unnoticed ways, cause more real misery than in almost any other manner.

Taken for Granted

VALET: A lady called while you were out, suh.

BACHELOR: Was she young?

VALET: No, suh! No, suh! She was an experienced lady.



**RUIN
YOUR
GAME**
In A
**Shrinking
Violet
Sweater.**
It Shrinks By The Minute And Doesn't
Fit When You Buy It.

Scald Yourself
By Using



**The CRYHAVOC
HOT WATER BAG.**
"THE BAG THAT BURSTS WITH ENTHUSIASM."

In the Toils

FIRST HIPPOPOTAMUS: What's the matter, my dear?

SECOND HIPPO: I sometimes wish you had never been so prosperous. I simply cannot get a servant to turn on the mud in my bath every morning.

For the Future of France

THE holiday season has brought generous accessions to the fund through which LIFE's readers are testifying their admiration for the spirit and courage of the French people and their practical sympathy for the little children and widowed mothers who are the war's innocent victims.

The fund has now reached the total of \$49,157.51, from which we have remitted to Paris 275,468.24 francs.

From several readers we have received sums to be forwarded to Paris as special gifts to their beneficiaries in the Christmas season. These special donations are not included in our total, but are acknowledged directly to their donors. One of them was from a gentleman who sent \$100, which, under his instructions, was cabled to Paris to be spent for Christmas toys for the children.

LIFE takes great pleasure in acknowledging from

Anna, Frank and Milton Nichols, Kansas City, Mo.,
for Baby No. 632..... \$73
The Women of the State University of Montana, Missoula, Mont., for Baby No. 633..... 73



PAULETTE TRUCHARD, BABY 384

A Christmas Gift from Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 635.....	73
Mrs. Willard Pope, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 636.....	73
C. C. Wilson, Jersey City, N. J., for Baby No. 637.....	73
Miss Eastman's Elementary School, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 638.....	73
Tonopah Baby No. 1, Tonopah, Nev., for Baby No. 639.....	73
F. W. Stevens, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 640.....	73
Mrs. F. W. Stevens, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 641.....	73
The Roanoke Shakespeare Club, Roanoke, Va., for Baby No. 642.....	73
NEW YORK STATE FRENCH TEACHERS' FUND—Mynderser Academy, Seneca Falls, by Miss Blanche Daniels, for Baby No. 643.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. D., Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 645.....	73
H. G. S., New York City, for Baby No. 646.....	73
The Class of 1920, Kent Place School, Summit, N. J., for Baby No. 647.....	73
Mrs. H. McK. Landon, Indianapolis, Ind., for Baby No. 648.....	73
Mildred Boggs, New York City, for Baby No. 649.....	73
Mrs. Waldo B. Fay, Southborough, Mass., for Baby No. 650.....	73
Mrs. E. J. Walter, New York City, for Baby No. 651.....	73
In memory of T. J. B. and J. R., Utica, N. Y., for Baby No. 652.....	73
Edward Winton McVitty, Salem, Va., for Baby No. 653.....	73
W. O., Oakland, Cal., for Babies Nos. 654, 655, 656 and 657.....	292
Hildegard Ault, Olga Ault and Lee A. Ault, Jr., Cincinnati, O., for Babies Nos. 658, 659 and 660.....	219
N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La., for Babies Nos. 661, 662, 663, 664 and 665.....	365
Miss H. J. Phillips, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Baby No. 666.....	73
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Henry B. McCormick, Harrisburg, Pa., for Baby No. 668.....	73
A. F. Daniels and J. A. H., Vancouver, Wash., on account.....	35
Mrs. E. T. Burnett, Roanoke, Va., on account.....	40.50

FOR BABY NUMBER 536

NEW YORK STATE FRENCH TEACHERS' FUND—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., by Prof. A. de Pierpont, \$3; Madame Helene Sebree, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$2; North Tonawanda High School, collected by Miss Frances Hammond, \$2.63.....	\$7.63
Already acknowledged.....	65.37
	\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 509

Already acknowledged.....	\$66.56
Louise Mathewson, Lincoln, Neb.,.....	2
William H. Campbell and John W. Campbell, Jr., Napoleon, O.....	3
Margaret, Brandon and Elizabeth Johnson, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.....	1.44
	\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 634

In memory of Florence Hayes Spitzley, Detroit, Mich.....	\$25
Margaret, Brandon and Elizabeth Johnson, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.....	3.56
A Friend of France, Santo Domingo.....	5
W. W. McMahon, New York City.....	10
R. C. Howard, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5
Mrs. Morris Michaels and Miss Edith L. Michaels, Montreal, P. Q.....	5
	\$53.56

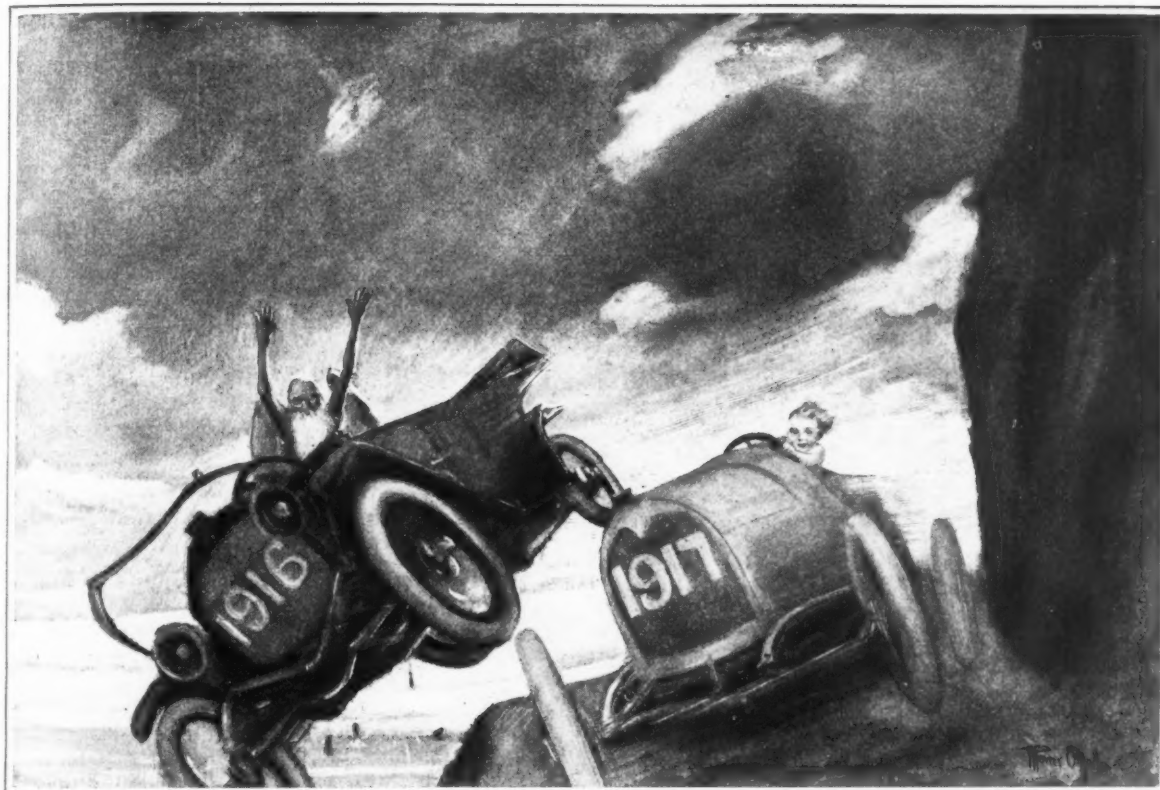
FOR BABY NUMBER 644

NEW YORK STATE FRENCH TEACHERS' FUND—North Tonawanda High School, collected by Miss Frances Hammond, \$42.65; Poughkeepsie High School, by Miss Fannie Hasbrouck Church, \$25; White Plains High School, by Edith T. Jones, \$5.35.....	\$73
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FOR BABY NUMBER 668

NEW YORK STATE FRENCH TEACHERS' FUND—White Plains High School, by Edith T. Jones.....	\$20.65
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As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Society with no deduction whatever for expenses. Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company.



THE RULE OF THE ROAD

New Year Resolutions

- I HEREBY resolve that:
- I shall never again spend the weekend at the Brown's.
 - I shall never again make up a "fourth" at bridge.
 - I shall never again take part in an amateur performance.
 - I shall never again "back" the horse my friend advises me to.
 - I shall never again attend a charity benefit—with money.
 - I shall never again play "animal" with the children.
 - I shall never again go slumming.

"WILLIE, where did you get that dog kennel?"
 "From the boy next door."
 "You don't mean to say that he gave it to you."
 "No, sir; he's one of the kind of boys who's too proud to fight."

An Anniversary

THIRTY-FOUR years ago this January LIFE dawned upon the world. Herewith is a list of the artists whose work appears in the central cartoon of this week's issue. Many artists not represented here have drawn for LIFE since its first number in January, 1883. It would be difficult to include all in our limited space.

Adams	Carey	Gillespie, Jessie	Leonard	Sanders
Allen	Cook	Garde	Levering	Stanlaws
Anderson	Cushing	Gilbert	Lowell	Shea
Atwood	Culter	Grant	Long	Skidmore
Budd, Leighton	Crawford, Will	Gibson	Lambly	Sheppard
Barton	Cassel	Howarth	Mitchell, J. A.	Sterner
Blashfield	Carleton	Herford	Marriner	Sullivant
Budd, C. J.	Chominski	Hutt	McVicar	Shaver
Bodfish	Delano	Hyde	McKee	Squires
Bryan	Donn	Hanna	Mayer, Hy	Stahr
Broughton	Dickey	Higgins	MacDonall	Scheuerle
Beard	Daggy	Hill	MacKellar	Tittle
Bush	Dirks	Hambleton	May, Phil	Toasperm
Brennan	de Maris	Irvin, Rea	McMillan	Taylor
Barratt	De Meza	Johnson, P. D.	Newell	Tousey
Benson	Dart	Johnson, Herbert	Neilson	Van Buren
Boyd	Ebert	Johnson, Charles H.	Nuttall	Van Schaick
Brown, Tom	Emery	Jones	O'Neill	Wolf
Brinkerhoff	Fenderson	Jacobs	Perry	Wilder
Birch	Frost	Kemble	Peters	Wenzell
Chip	Foster	Kuhn	Parker	Wallace
Calvert	Follett	King	Paus	Walker, W. H.
Cassavant	Flagg	Kirby	Peirce	Walker, A. B.
Crosby	Fisher	Kahles	Richards	Wechsler
Caesar	Foster, Laura	Lester	Read	W.O.W. + A.C.
Conacher	Funiere	Lutz	Rahn	Young, Art
Cobb, Bert	Fuller	Lemon	Rogers	Young, Crawford
Cady	Gould	Lincoln	Reilly	Ziegler



MEASURE FOR MEASURE

IF THE BAKER WERE REPAID IN KIND FOR HIS
UNDERSIZED LOAF

Things We Shrink from Knowing

THAT the granaries and cold storage warehouses of the country are bursting with food-stuffs, while the people are going hungry because of prohibitive food prices.

That the lure of the city to the farm boy is greater than the lure of the farm to the city boy.

That though T. R. has been temporarily silenced by the recent election, he is likely to burst out along new lines at any moment.

That the ugliest things women wear cost the most money.

That though the apple crop in this country is one of the largest ever known, it is almost a total failure because of a shortage of cars with which to move it.

On Religious Toleration

THERE are occasions when the rugged simplicity of our great Americans is rather trying to their lesser compatriots. And probably these occasions are most frequent and awful when the great men, leaving behind the regions where their sterling qualities are known and appreciated, travel abroad in search of new fields to conquer.

A certain well-known American, whose name shall be spared, visited Belgium in the spring of 1915 to see how the relief work was progressing. His native state had contributed generously, and the Belgians were anxious to show him every courtesy. And so, among other events, they arranged a meeting for him with the great Cardinal Mercier of Malines.

After he had been presented to the Reverend Father in rather a formal manner there was a pause in the conversation. This the American felt called upon to dispel.

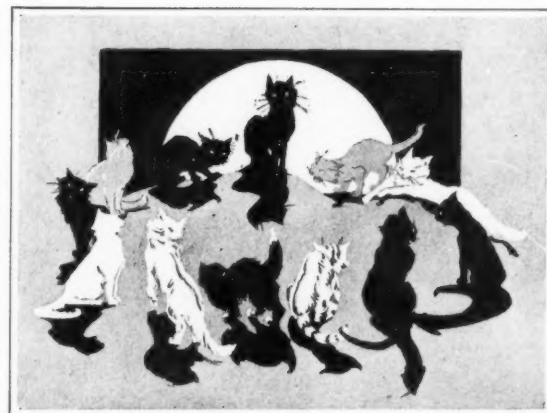
Turning to the Cardinal he said: "You're a Catholic, ain't you?"

"Yes," gravely responded the Cardinal, who speaks perfect English.

"Well," continued the American, "I'm a Methodist, but"—waving his hand in vigorous protest to prevent the possibility of a misunderstanding—"I ain't got any prejudices."

W. C. Stevenson.

NO invalid likes to hear how well he looks.



THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA



IF WE DON'T LIKE IT, WHY NOT STOP IT?



WHEN THE PRODIGAL RETURNS

Civilization: NOTHING DOING. NO FATTED CALF FOR YOU

When a Woman Wants Anything

THE main difference between men and women is nowhere so marked as it is in the distinction between character and ability.

A man's ability is entirely separate from his character. A man may have genius and no character at all. He may have small abilities and large character. In a man the two things appear to be entirely independent of one another.

But a woman's character is determined by her ability, and her ability is determined by her character. In reality, therefore, women are much more simple than men, although they do not appear to be so. Women are more complicated outwardly than men. They offer more superficial variety. But closer observation and association among them tend to make them more alike. Men, on the other hand, grow more complicated as you come to know them better. That is because their abilities and characters being unrelated and the proportionate measure of each subject to variations, new combinations are constantly being presented. The various things which go to make up the motive power of a woman, on the other hand, are more closely related. Women, therefore, concentrate more than men although they do not seem to do so, the process being unconscious. That explains why, if a woman wants a thing and a man doesn't want her to have it, she always gets it. When a man wants a thing he plans to get it just as much as he can through the orderly processes of his mind and will. When a woman wants a thing she makes no plan at all—but she gets it much more often than the man because everything in her whole make-up—conscious and unconscious—is working for it.

If you want to see conservation of energy and the perfection of efficiency, watch the working of that perfectly co-ordinated machine—a woman—getting a thing from a man that she wants. A Corliss engine, in comparison, is a soap-box on wheels.

T. L. M.

Psychology of Salvation

GET a crowd.

Find out what it wants in a world that doesn't exist.

Use adjectives galore and short declarative sentences a-plenty.

Abuse the world you live in.

Tickle the palate of the imagination with the goody-goodies to be had Somewhere Else.

Collect.

Benjamin De Casseres.

Separate

SMALL BOY: I want to take some castor oil and soda.

CLERK: Flavor?

"Vanilla. I'll take the soda here and the castor oil when I get home, please."



PUZZLE PICTURE

WHAT IS IT SHE IS TALKING ABOUT?

Why Live An Inferior Life?

I know that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys and benefits of living in full; and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

THE fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

Become Superior to Other Men

The Swoboda System can make a better human being of you physically, mentally and in every way. The Swoboda System can do more for you than you can imagine. It can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, startling, specific, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

WHY TAKE LESS THAN YOUR FULL SHARE OF LIFE AND PLEASURE?

Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic? Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your

every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

YOUR EARNING POWER

your success, depend entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. Without these, all knowledge becomes of small value, for it cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be.

My New Copyrighted Book is Free

It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

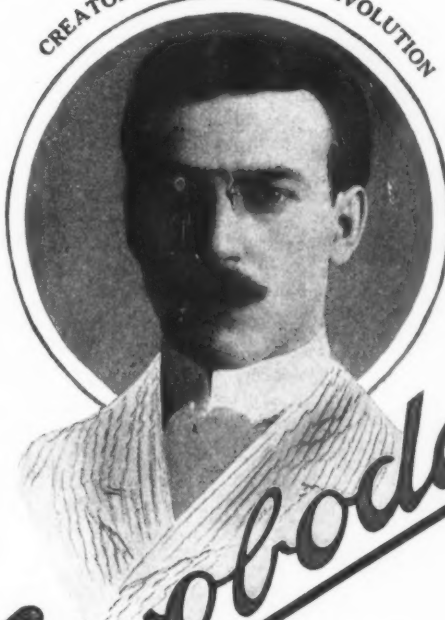
My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose with my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and excessively deep breathing.

Write to-day for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind.

You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women. Mail the coupon or a post card now, before you forget.

Alois P. Swoboda, 1992 Aeolian Bldg., New York City

CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION



Swoboda

What Others Have to Say

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lesson began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda'."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

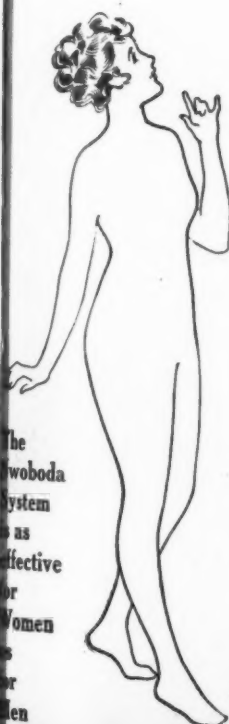
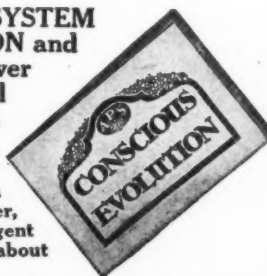
"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

A Few of Swoboda's Prominent Pupils

F. W. Vanderbilt	Maxine Elliott
W. G. Rockefeller, Jr.	Anna Held
Howard Gould	Frank A. Vanderlip
Woodrow Wilson	Charles Evans
W. R. Hearst	Hughes
Alfred I. Du Pont	
A. W. Armour	
Charles F. Swift	
Oscar Strauss	
Simon Guggenheim	





No Change

At the age of sixteen Alice Jones wrought poetic changes in her name. She signed herself E. Alyse Jones. Thus designated she entered a new school. The head mistress asked her name. "Alyse Jones," she replied. "A-l-y-s-e."

"Thank you," said the teacher. "And how are you spelling Jones now?"

—Argonaut.

"DESE high prices is workin' a heap of injustice," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"In what way?"

"Poultry an' eggs is gettin' so precious dat if you happens to give shelter to some homeless pullet dey's liable to charge you wif grand larceny."—Washington Star.

"How about that concrete house you were figuring on building?"

"It is still in the abstract."

—Boston Transcript.



"GRACIOUS! THIS RECIPE CALLS FOR SIX EGGS."

Culture

A young woman came in quite hurriedly after the musicale had begun. "Have I missed much?" she asked. "What are they playing now?"

"The Ninth Symphony."

"Oh, goodness! Am I really as late as that?"—Chicago Herald.

MR. GOODLEIGH: I was surprised to see you in a helplessly intoxicated condition last evening.

TIPPLES: I was surprised myself; I thought I could stand a lot more.

—Boston Transcript.

"YOUNG man," said an inquisitive old lady to a tram-conductor, "if I put my foot on that rail shall I receive an electric shock?"

"No, mum," he replied, "unless you place your other foot on the overhead wire."—Tit-Bits.

UNCLE JOSH: Here's a letter from Nephew Harry, that's gone to Africa, and says that within twenty rods o' his house there's a family o' laughing hyenas.

HIS WIFE: Well, I am glad he's got pleasant neighbors, anyway—that's something.—Tit-Bits.

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GOLF

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Carl Stanley, Manager



THE Egg King tossed about uneasily in his bed.

"I wonder why I can't sleep," he murmured.

"It's because I am troubling you," whispered a small voice, which seemed to come from within him.

"Who are you?" inquired the weary man.

"I'm your conscience, and I'm plaguing you for what you are doing."

"Talk common sense," testily replied the Egg King. "If I hadn't done it someone else would."

"The same old argument," returned the voice. "I'm tired of hearing it. Show you are sorry by confessing and perhaps I'll let you go to sleep. Tell me just how it's done."

"There are others worse than I am. I'm only part of the big system of extortion. It's a great game. I buy eggs in April, when they're about twenty-one cents a dozen. On each case I deposit a margin of three dollars. Then I take the warehouse receipts and borrow on them from the bankers. With this borrowed money I buy more eggs, and go through the same process."

"A regular endless-chain game, eh?"

"You can call it that if you wish."

"So you couldn't pyramid your prospective profits if it wasn't for the eminently respectable bankers?"

Modern Dance Magazine gives all the latest dances. The world's greatest dancers talk to you in a bright, snappy, modern way that makes your dance wisdom quite acceptable. Send 25 cents for sample copy. You'll be glad.

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The Hanger with the Twist

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"It's a beautiful little scheme. I'm glad you put me wise to it. In return I'll let you go to sleep."

J. J. O'Connell.

THE sword was hanging over the head of Damocles, suspended by a single hair. But he didn't notice it. He was absorbed in reading the current number of LIFE, which he had been prudent enough to order in advance from his newsdealer.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Sure Way

Congressman Charles R. Davis of Minnesota relates that one afternoon a train on a Western railroad stopped at a small station, when one of the passengers, in looking over the place, found his gaze fixed upon an interesting sign. Hurrying to the side of the conductor, he eagerly inquired: "Do you think that I will have time to get a soda before the train starts?"

"Oh, yes," answered the conductor.

"But suppose," suggested the thirsty passenger, "that the train should go on without me?"

"We can easily fix that," promptly replied the conductor. "I will go along and have one with you."—*Argonaut*.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

BINKS: Shafer, do you know that woman across the street?

SHAFFER: She certainly looks familiar. Let me see. It's my wife's new dress, my daughter's hat and my mother-in-law's parasol—sure! It's our cook.

—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M.D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man.

"I have taken it daily for nearly eighty years."—*Tit-Bits*.

SHE: Do you think it will be all right for us after we are married to settle a couple of squares away from my family?

HE: I was going to say a couple of states.—*Dallas News*.

Correct Footwear

Darker shades of "F. B. & C." Various Colored Kid to match the gown will continue to be worn by the better dressed women throughout the winter months. Colored Kid vamps will also be seen in combination with tops of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid No. 81

Whole shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid No. 81 are smart at any season.

"F. B. & C." Bronze Kid Shoes for both day and evening wear should form a part of every well-dressed woman's wardrobe. "F. B. & C." Kid is the only leather that "fits on the foot like a glove on the hand."

Make sure the "F. B. & C." tags are attached to the shoes you buy and get "the best there is."

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us.

Fashion Publicity Company
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EGYPTIAN DEITIES
The Ulmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip
People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.
25¢
S. Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

A Brutal Attack

An actor visited a beauty doctor to see if he could have something done for his nose. The beauty doctor studied the organ, and suggested a complicated straightening and remoulding process—cost, twenty guineas.

"I may go you," said the actor thoughtfully. He stroked his nose before the mirror, regarding it from all sides. "Yes, I think I'll go you. But, look here, do you promise to give my nose—er—ideal beauty?"

The surgeon gave a loud, brutal laugh. "As to ideal beauty, I can't say," he replied, "but, by gosh! I couldn't help improving it a lot if I hit it with a hammer."—*London Opinion*.

Coming and Going

A struggling maker of humorous quips tried to break into a leading publication. He sent the editor one of his favorite mots.

It was returned, with this comment:

"Too original to be good."

He sent another.

This time the comment was:

"Too good to be original."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Business Instinct

In the second act of a certain play the curtain rises on an empty stage; then presently a meek-looking young man with a dustcoat over his arm comes on and loudly calls: "Uncle! Uncle!" According to the book of the play he should receive no answer, and, after a pause, should proceed with a monologue. One night, however, a voice was heard from the gallery: "All right. I'm coming in a moment. How much do you want on it?"—*Argonaut*.

Try It

"No, I don't speak German, but I got along pretty well in Berlin without knowing the language."

"That so?"

"Yes; for instance, one day I wanted a drink, and I went into a beer garden and said to the waiter, 'Look here, old man, I'm dry! Do you understand—dry!' and the next minute he came back with three beers."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Now, where do you want your speech to come?"

"Put me on before the celery is served. Two hundred people eating celery in unison makes it very difficult to be heard."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

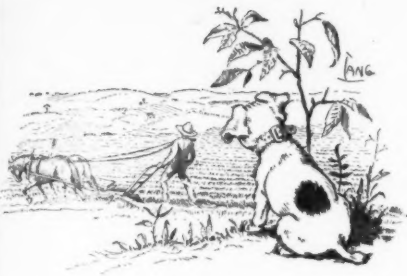
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"I WONDER IF HE'S TRYING TO FIND THAT
BONE I BURIED"

Historical?

DEAR GERMANY:

Please don't take this too seriously, but we are dreadfully angry about the way you have murdered some of our best citizens. Won't you please tell us what you are going to do about it?

U. S.

Dear U. S.:

Yours received. Much obliged. Will think it over.

GERMANY.

Dear Germany:

Yours received. We think you are very considerate and humane, etc., but really, now, we wish you would make up your mind to do something.

U. S.

Dear U. S.:

Tut, tut! Don't get so excited. We're not in business for our health.

GERMANY.

Dear Germany:

Yours received. Perhaps you don't un-

I got
without

wanted
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GERMANY.

Dear Germany:

This is the last call. Unless you respect our rights, make good for what you've done and guarantee to be decent in the future we'll put up our finger at you. Is that plain?

U. S.

Dear U. S.:

We'll comply with your request at once, of course. But why didn't you make yourself plain in the beginning? We thought you were bluffing.

GERMANY.
P. S.—We are sinking a couple of ships to-day with some of your people upon them; but of course you won't mind a little thing like that.

"Does your husband go out to smoke between the acts?"

"No, he comes in to watch the play between drinks."—Froth.

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The Race of Borrowers

NO reliable statistics have ever been compiled giving the number of borrowers and the extent of their depredations. That they exist in vast numbers seems to be certain; that they are an ancient race and have always existed seems equally certain. On the other hand, have not all our modern improvements, the very ease with which things are brought to us, mitigated the real joy of borrowing, and thus lessened the number of its devotees?

You cannot borrow as freely from your neighbor as you could. For one thing, it is much harder to catch him or his wife at home. True, you can step into his library—if he has one—take your choice, and leave him a note telling him that you have taken the liberty, etc.

But the true art of borrowing is no haphazard affair of this sort. It consists rather in making your neighbor buy the kind of books which you wish to borrow from him; but how, pray, can one do this when he is off on a motor trip three-fourths of the time? For your true borrower is one who makes others work constantly to get the especial things which he needs.

Borrowers of money are a race apart by themselves; they rely upon that weakness within you which is almost universal, namely, that you would rather give them the money than make the oftentimes considerable exertion to explain to them why you can't do it. How few there are who can say to a borrower:

"I can afford to lend you the money, but, well—I won't."

"DO you support any charity?"

"Rather. I've got a son in college."

The Latest Books

BACK in the 1880's when St. Louis and Chicago were neck and neck rivals on the United States census rolls and were busy exchanging personal insults, some clever wag invented a story that was publishable in the papers of both cities. It claimed that a Chicago girl and a St. Louis girl had met, had looked at each other's feet, and had both fainted. Two volumes of short stories, one by Edith Wharton and the other by Fannie Hurst, have just encountered each other by the chances of simultaneous appearance; and one plays no favorite on hazarding the guess that the dark crimson of their respective bindings is due to the sudden face-to-facing of the two extremes of over-sophistication.

THE eight stories contained in Mrs. Wharton's "Xingu" (Scribner's, \$1.40) range at intellectual ease through

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such wide reaches as the title tale's amusingly mordant take-off on American ladies who "pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet it alone"; the appealing, pale, ghost story of mediaeval Brittany called "Kerfol," and a whispered war-bride psychology-study of the contemporary French front. In them all Mrs. Wharton ushers us, as it were, privily behind the human scenes, guides our attention by the nice obliquity of her subtle asides, and flatters us the while by the delicate inclusiveness of her intellectuality.

THE nine stories in Miss Hurst's "Every Soul Hath Its Song" (Harpers, \$1.30) cavort colloquially up and down the narrow strip of Manhattan Island, among the climbing Jews and clinging Gentiles of the clothing trades, the department-store counters, the five-room



Dealer: IT REFLECTS YOUR OWN PERSONALITY TREMENDOUSLY

flat and the back hall room. In them Miss Hurst off-handedly bids us "Meet Miriam Binswanger" or "Know Charlie Chubb," and then leaves her characters—except for the occasional steering of her super-slangy and "wise-guy" interpolation—to bring the tragi-comedy of their own engrossments with life racy and revealingly home to us. Both writers are keen students of the human zoo. They invite us to visit it by diametrically opposite gates. But they share a fault in common. They equally over-emphasize their respective sophistications.

WRITING the biography of a celebrity recently dead is almost like preaching a funeral sermon. It is too soon for impersonal judgment to be possible, and equally impossible to be impartially personal without offense. Both of these facts (and the hampering effect of the second of them) are to be felt in "An O. Henry Biography" (Doubleday, Page, \$2.50), by C. Alphonso Smith. But with these allowances made, the book is of undoubted interest. Not only is O. Henry one of America's ablest writers, but "O. Henry" was something other than a mere pen-name to William Sidney Porter; and Professor Smith deals as delicately with O. Henry's mystery as he deals enthusiastically with his work.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON—like some non-literary lights—is actuated by an alternating current. When it flows in one direction it produces such naturalistic stories as "Sally Bishop," "Richard Furlong" and "The Antagonists." When it flows in the other, it results in such romantic tales as "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" and "The Greatest Wish in the World." His new novel, "The Five-Barred Gate"—a work in which a slender fabric of marital misunderstanding and readjustment furnishes the text for a running sermon of both clever and



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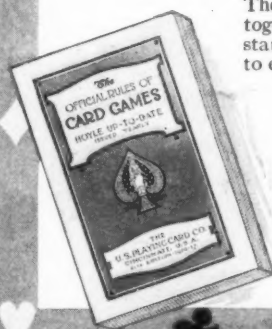
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platitudinous talk on the part of the author—is of the latter sort, but calculated to appeal to none but the most willing-to-be-preached-to of all his readers.

SIGMUND FREUD'S "Interpretation of Dreams" has, as it happens, been the most widely read of this much quoted (and mis-quoted) German path-breaker's translated works. And this fact should pave the way, locally, for a genuinely appreciative reception of a newly published translation from Freud's writings—an analytical study that derives directly from the early book and that is called "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious" (Moffat, Yard, \$2.50). Freud's fascinating, although at times disquieting, trick of turning the flash-lamp of his expositions into the dark corners of one's own make-up has never been more revealingly and clarifyingly employed than in this much explaining volume.

J. B. Kerfoot.

PONCE DE LEON would never have gone in search of the fountain of youth if he had been prudent enough regularly to order his copy of LIFE in advance from his newsdealer.



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